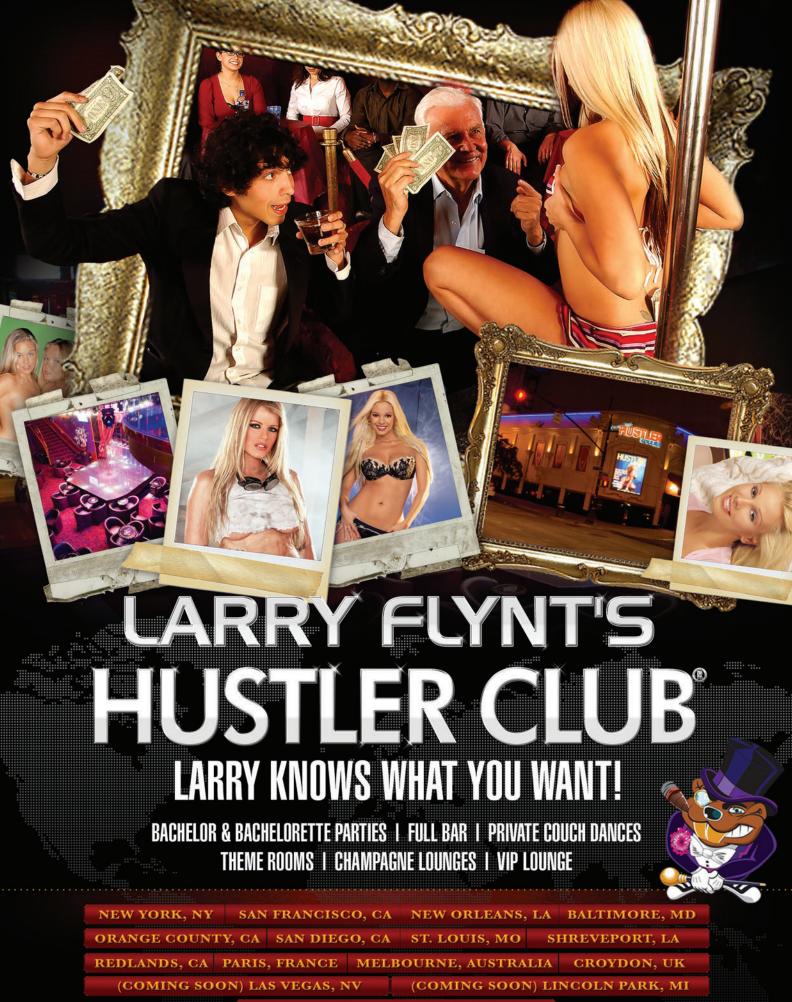
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It's your soapbox, please keep those letters coming!



#### Write!

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#### MARVELOUS MARCH

I was born in March, I just read your March 2012 issue. It was wonderful and superb! I have never been more turned on by a magazine. Thanks for the great birthday present.

-Mr. Peter Wicklein. via e-mail



#### **JAILHOUSE ROCKS**

Your July 2012 feature Nicole and Frank—Enhanced Interrogation was hella hot. Nicole looked mighty tempting shackled to that grim prison wall, and Frank's cruel interrogation with the lighter was nice and edgy. No wonder she was so accommodating when he gave her the chance to earn herself a reprieve. Always did love girls-behind-bars scenarios and this was one of the best. More please.

-J. Jackson, Cheyenne, Wyoming



#### SPICY COMBINATION

Yuki—Rainmaker (July 2012) offered the most delectable combination of fetishes in one layout I can ever remember. Loved the clothed-men-naked-woman setup (a cool kink we don't see enough of), the superb shibari work, the classic caning, the multiple penetrations with rude objects, and the spectacular suspended showers. Yuki is a beauty and Lightworship is a genius. Kudos to them and to TABOO on all counts.

-Alan G., Stowe, Vermont

#### INFERNAL DELIGHTS

Thanks so much for your fascinating feature Infernal Restraints—Where the Torture Never Stops (July 2012). As a longtime admirer of the work of Nina Hartley, Ernest Greene and the fiendishly inventive PD, I think bringing them all together was a brilliant stroke. The interview material provided fascinating insights into the unique imagination behind PD's compelling visions and the collaboration of the three of them in making the best use of Iuscious Sister Dee was totally inspiring. As a submissive woman, I've



always found PD's work mesmerizing even when terrifying, and I would gladly have traded places with Sister Dee just to experience his amazing collaboration with Master Ernest and Mistress Nina. A girl should only be so lucky!

slave m., Hibbing, Minnesota





observers of the pervier sort. And the sensation of stripping the whole thing down to reveal the gleaming, sweat-soaked curves reeking of various secretions behind the zippers is as tempting as peeling the ripest of fruits. And, of course, being equally impervious to moisture from without, rubber catsuits can be left in place during play, rendering the wearer a confined masturbatory object to be pissed or ejaculated upon at will. In a submissive context, latex catsuits offer an appeal rather contrary to that of the leather variety. They may cover but they don't protect. A spank or whip stroke can be felt right through them, and nipples hardened by constant friction are tantalizing to pinch or clamp. The suit itself is an instrument of bondage, highly confining and constricting over every inch of a woman's anatomy. The very opposite of protective leather, latex emphasizes a sort of thinly veiled vulnerability. A garment thus constructed offers little obstruction to the fulfillment of lascivious intentions.

The effect can be heightened by the addition of external bondage gear. A tight-laced corset makes the already-claustrophobic atmosphere inside the suit even more breathtaking, and cuffs to the wrists and ankles linked by short, hobbling chains create a sense of total confinement that submissive restraint enthusiasts find compelling to an unparalleled extent. The addition of gags, plugs, breathing tubes, catheters, hidden vibrators or electroshock devices produces sensations of helplessness made all the more intense by their secrecy. No one but the wearer and whoever controls the devices just under the surface knows exactly what sensations are inflicted. If the wearer is masked or hooded, the feeling of isolation and anonymity heightens the state of objectification. A woman in a catsuit can literally be a living doll, synthetic without and organic within.

But these secrets are known mainly to the cultish world of the extreme fetishist. The outward presentation of the catsuit unfettered is strikingly dominant at first glance, especially if fabricated in leather like Mrs. Peel's. While defining feminine topography quite vividly, it replaces soft skin with impregnable hide. The logical accessories of this look—heavy belts and spiky ornaments of all sorts, suggest cruelty and danger. If a woman in a latex catsuit, transparent or brightly colored, might seem a pretty plaything, a leather-upholstered femme bristling with studs and zippers signals that sex with her is likely to be more rumble than tumble, fraught with the probability of pleasure at the cost of pain. Leather catsuits are all about attitude, and merely putting one on has been known to inspire that attitude even in someone not otherwise inclined to it. Alternately strutting and slithering, the leather-coated domina represents a formidable femininity quite opposite the delicacy of the rubber-suited latex slavegirl. One approaches such a figure with extreme caution and at one's own risk, which is doubtless a big part of the attraction such attire holds for those who would rather polish the surface than defile it.

Either way, one thing catsuits of all materials have in common is their relentless embrace of the wearer, whose inclinations may be ambiguous but the physicality is never in doubt.





#### **DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,**

I've recently discovered the joys of anal sex with toys but also discovered a problem: no matter what type or shape of anal toy I use, it wants to pop out while I'm having vaginal sex with my partner. He can't reach it to hold it in, and I have yet to find any kind of apparatus that will secure it while leaving my pussy available. Any ideas?

—Empty in Ellenville

#### Dear Empty:

What you describe is actually a common experience. Just as the vaginal walls contract during arousal and sex, so do the sphincter muscles, pushing out a toy you want to keep in.

I recommend you use a butt plug over any other kind of toy, preferably not of the traditional teardrop shape. Look for one with a "mushroom cap" head and longer neck with a wide-enough base to prevent it from slipping in, which is much worse than having it slip out. Vixen Creations offers one of this type named after me, the sort of honor to which a dedicated butt-girl aspires. It was the first on the market with that unique shape, but now there are plenty by different companies. This particular design tends to stay in better.

Another option is to get a butt-plug harness specifically constructed to hold a plug in place. Butt-plug harnesses have straps that go around the waist or hips and a strap running between the legs. With single-strap styles, it's necessary to pull the strap off the side so it doesn't block your pussy. Some

# Anal Advisor

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO



Welcome to my column, Anal Advisor. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. In addition to being a writer and editor, I teach sex workshops all over the world. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, PuckerUp.com, and my reality porn series for Vivid called Chemistry.

harnesses, however, have double straps that go up the thighs on both sides, leaving the center unobstructed. That might be just what you're looking for. There are also steel plugs with bulletshaped heads, narrow, flexible necks and wide steel plates at the bottom. These are specifically designed for anal use during vaginal intercourse and are probably the most sophisticated approach to doublestuffing.

#### DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

Thank you for making all of your information so readily available. You have made me feel much more at ease submitting to my Domme anally. I have been using plugs and dildos for several years, and am fairly proficient in taking substantial objects rectally for a bit. My Domme has required me to wear a plug when exercising, walking, swimming and bicycle riding, and I can handle that. My Domme would like me to wear my extra-large plug during the day and a medium-sized one at night. What is the maximum length of time I can safely retain a butt plug, and how often can I have these sessions of long-term wear? What's the largest size I can keep in without causing my ass to permanently gape open? I've talked with some subs who say they stay sealed up 24/7 using large plugs, removed only for bathroom breaks and re-lubing. They say they have some issues with closing up when their asses are unobstructed. Is this kind of play practical and safe?

-Curious Anal sub

#### Dear Curious:

I've read about these marathon butt-plug sessions in plenty of BDSM fiction and I  $\,$ 



suspect that's where your Domme got the idea. While wearing a butt plug 24 hours a day is a hot fantasy of control and submission, it's neither practical nor safe. You could certainly go for stretches of several hours with your anus obstructed, making sure to re-lube if you feel any dryness or uncomfortable friction. However, if at any point you feel discomfort or pain, you should notify your Domme at once. Don't try to stick it out because you don't want to disappoint her. If you don't treat your ass with care, she won't be able to play with it as much as either of you want her to—so be careful not to sacrifice the pleasures of reality for the unattainable goals of fantasy.

#### DEAR ANAL ADVISOR.

I once got a sample of "hot cinnamon anal lube," and decided to try it out with a dildo in my ass during masturbation. I found I loved the feeling of warmth in my ass. I've continued to use it, but it's gotten to a point where the warming lube isn't enough! A friend recommended a vapor rub from the drugstore. That was great for a while, but I still craved more heat. I decided to try a sports cream I have for sore muscles that creates a powerful tingling sensation. I put a drop on the dildo and had an orgasm more intense than any I have ever experienced. I fear I'm becoming addicted to the sensation. After my orgasm, my ass burns for an hour or so, but I enjoy the pain and revel in how much enjoyment it gives me when I come. Can I keep using the sports cream, or do you think it could cause health problems?

**—Burning Bum** 

#### Dear Burning:

I'm sorry to burst your burning-butthole bubble, but vapor rubs and sports creams aren't the greatest idea. These products usually contain ingredients like camphor, menthol, eucalyptus oil, and/or wintergreen oil (often listed as methyl salicylate) which create the warming sensation. Technically, you can use them externally around the anus, but they have the potential to irritate the delicate, sensitive tissue even externally. You should definitely not use them internally with a toy. I recommend you go back to where you started. There are plenty of warming lubes on the market specifically formulated for sexual use to create a similar sensation, but are safe to apply externally on the genitals as well as for penetration. Perhaps using a slightly less potent concoction over a wider area will compensate for the reduced intensity without endangering your anal anatomy.

#### DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I'm a woman in a relationship with an awesome, totally sex-positive woman. Neither one of us was really into butt-play before, but together, based on mutual trust and respect, we've reached a new horizon. We enjoy licking and fingering each other and sometimes, when we're both ready and well-lubed, I've had up to four fingers inside her ass at once. She's asked me to move my hand in and out as well once it's inserted. I'm ready to take this to the next level and use a strapon with her, but she thinks it's too much like straight sex. Are there any dildos that don't look like penises?

—Anal Newbie

#### Dear Newbie:

Before you go strap-on shopping, have a conversation with your girl-friend about her concerns. Strap-on sex is not about replicating hetero sex. It's about using great gear to create hands-free penetration. With a strap-on, you can try lots of cool positions and get close, skinto-skin contact. There are plenty of dildos on the market that don't resemble penises. You can choose fun colors (like purple or red with glitter or swirls), designs with different textures, and even styles resembling corn cobs or sea creatures. If and when she's ready, let her take the lead and choose the toy.

















































ragged from the boss's bedroom in her skimpy whore clothes and cuffed to the metal plates of the yard wall, she manages a defiant sneer meant to be wiped from her face. The men are hard for the job, putting her down on the hot metal and decorating her tits and bits with biting clothespins, an extra on her tongue to silence the cursing. Still defiant, Karlie grits and sucks it up while they take turns pounding her tail with the leather slapper. But the combination of nipple clamps and the skilled squeezing of her pink parts with a gloved hand gets a worried look. Her juice box is her weakness. Bending her over the low wall, they take turns using it and stuffing it with a fat, greasy

dildo on a long rod.

Each time Karlie gets close, they back her down, stifling her complaints with a jaw-stretching steel spreader that leaves her mouth gaping as obscenely as her shaved snatch. No way either orifice will go unfilled long. Finally, whining and shaking, she lifts her butt in the air and literally begs for it. No more problems for the boss with this one. They leave her bound, stuffed and ball-gagged in case she still has some sass left in her. By the time Mr. Big gets around to her, Karlie is eager to please. All he has to do is pop out the gag and step up for a good skull-fucking. This time, Karlie won't spill a drop.





















#### DEAR NINA,

I've read some stories in which a Master sends his slave to another Master or Mistress for "training." Out of honest curiosity, have any real-life Masters you know of actually shipped their slaves off to someone or someplace to be "educated"? If so, why? And why would a slave agree to such a thing? What if she came back trained in the "wrong" way, or in a style completely different from her Master's?

-Wondering, Des Moines, Iowa

#### Dear Wondering:

It's a very hot fantasy to have so much control over a submissive partner that she can be packed off to "finishing school." There may be certain things a Master would like his slave to learn that he thinks could be taught better by another. If a couple is interested in exploring the addition of a second female partner but the slave, though bi-curious, has no previous experience with women, Master might decide she could benefit from a few lessons in lesbian sex from a Mistress. A possible benefit would be a heightening of the slave's confidence when the time comes to experiment with her Master and another girl. Of course, it's also possible that she'll discover either a greater or lesser than expected inclination toward play with her own gender, resulting in unexpected changes when, or possibly even if, she comes home.

Some things work smoothly in fantasies but can have unintended consequences in

## **SUB-SPACE**

BY NINA HARTLEY



TABOO'S Sub-Space is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.

real life, and placing a slave in the hands of an unfamiliar Master or Mistress could be among them. I have seen examples of "outside training" produce desirable results. I know a slave who was trained by her Master's well-endowed friend in how to deep-throat. Another of my acquaintances who was dispatched to be trained as an anal slut found the whole experience very hot and felt proud and confident returning with a well-developed new ability to please. At a practical level more accurately characterized as education than "training" per se, a Master I know sent his slave to massage school for his pleasure, where she proved an excellent student (though it's doubtful she wore high heels and a corset in class the way she did for her homework).

There are a variety of specific submissive techniques a Master might wish his slave to acquire from a more practiced instructor, ranging from boot blacking and leather care to walking in ballet boots to applying beautiful slut makeup. But in my own opinionthough the fantasy of shipping off a slave to some rigorous institution to be returned a perfect "Stepford slave" might be hot for both parties—in reality, the most effective training occurs at home. A Master can tweak and adjust a slave's behavior to his specifications if she's truly willing to learn and grow in the context of the relationship. Unless he found a virgin slave under a rock, any woman with enough experience to know that slavery is what she wants will probably come equipped with a variety of abilities acquired from previous experience, along with "good" or "bad" habits they'll need to adapt as their knowledge of one another grows. When I met my Master I was already an excellent cock-





sucker ("trained" by both work and play), but I had to learn how best to suck HIS cock just the way he likes best. Believe me, the homeschooling we did was more fun than any instruction I could have been given by an outsider.

#### DEAR NINA,

I'm interested in learning more about rituals for D/s couples and how to incorporate them in our daily life. For example, I recently read a story by a woman whose Master allowed her no privacy in the bathroom. When I told my partner about it, thinking she might be squicked out by the idea, she surprised me by saying she'd love that and, in fact, hated locking me out and being alone in the bathroom. Now I frequently follow her in and she sucks my cock while seated, which stimulates her sense of being completely "owned" by me. We're not a 24/7 TPE couple, but we'd both like to incorporate some symbolic acts in our day-to-day routine that would help keep us at least partially "in the zone" more of the time. Any suggestions?

-Wanting More, Montpelier, Vermont

### Dear Wanting:

What a great story! Frankly, I'm not sure you two need much advice from me. However, should you wish to pursue your explorations further, there are as many rituals for as many things as you and your partner care to incorporate. I know one couple with rituals for every interaction throughout the day. Whenever he needs to pee, she kneels in front of him holding a basin under her chin to catch any overflow when he pisses into her mouth, enabling her to serve him this way in any room without making a mess. She, in turn, must ask permission to pee every time. However, they've chosen to center their lives on their M/s relationship and, unlike the two of you, are 24/7. In your situation, rather than go for the whole M/s prix fixe menu, you'll need to choose your rituals à la carte.

The key here is to make any ritual meaningful to the two of you in particular, so that you'll want to keep it up over time. Speaking as a sexual submissive, I find it's good to develop practices that keep sex, or the idea or promise of sex, at the forefront, as our sexual desire fuels my willingness to submit to Master. We're both very engaged with our careers and don't have unlimited time to practice elaborate protocol. We have few rituals, but they're constant and personal. At home, I'm always collared and naked, reinforcing my status as a sex slave. It's easier for Master to use me whenever he wants if I'm always available in this way.

Some Masters require their slaves to wear skirts with no panties for ease of access, or command the slave to stand to one side and slightly behind him when they're away from home. Other M/s couples use certain means of address, or stipulate that the slave must wait to start eating until after Master's had his first bite. An easy-release ankle chain (safety first, in case of earthquakes, etc.) attached to the bed frame when you go to sleep can make for a most rewarding awakening the next morning.

As long as a particular practice brings the two of you closer and reinforces the power dynamic between you without becoming a laborious habit, it's a good ritual.





## PRIME PEE PIX POURED BY THE PAGE

# URINATION NATION

## Featuring MELLIE

Poor Mellie shouldn't have drunk so much lemonade at the kink party. Now she has to beg Master for permission to tinkle. Half-naked amid the black tiles, first she has to take a dozen hard crop strokes to her backside for having interrupted him, then squat over the bowl to give him a proper view of how a slave pisses. Luckily, with punishments come rewards. Showing off like a dirty girl gets Mellie hot, and her orgasmic cries from drilling herself with the steel toy soon echo off the walls. Of course, now she has to piss again. It's going to be a long night for Mellie.







## HAWAII KITTEN

## FICTION by ERNEST GREENE

## PHOTOGRAPHY by KEN MARCUS

hen Tasia first appeared at the back door of my studio, I wasn't sure whether to laugh or fuck her against the wall. These impulses don't usually coexist, but there's nothing usual about Tasia. With her kewpie-doll face, big, blue eyes, septum and nipple rings and petite, smooth, elegantly tattooed body, her looks are as unique as her personality. Tasia can go from playfully perky to intensely submissive from the mere pressure of my hand around her throat, which is how I hold her while she explains the eccentric attire. The clinging pink bodysuit and boldly striped stockings aren't inconsistent with her highly personal sense of style, and the checkerboard fuck-me pumps I've seen before. But the cat-ear bows and pink ribbon wrapped around her face and posture collar aren't customary accessories.

Tasia has just come from a *kawaii* party. *Kawaii* is the Japanese word for "cute," but it implies a bit more when applied to a girl, such as adorableness and docility.

"I saw myself in the mirror at the party," she explains with that mischievous half-smile, "and realized I was so cute you'd just have to slap me, so I thought I'd drop by."

With that, she crawls up on my bondage table and kneels with typically excellent posture, eyes down and hands at her back. Casually groping her, I quickly discover that her nips are hard and the thin fabric over her crotch is soaked. Her heartbeat accelerates under my hands as I squeeze her pert handfuls of breast meat, and she thrusts her pelvis against mine when I grab her ass. Tasia may indeed be cute and at times docile, but she's certainly not shy about her appetites. The directness of her gaze while I maul her tits tells me she needs a spanking, and a single command brings her into position for it. The stretch dress is more cutout than fabric and slides up easily to reveal Tasia's ice-cream-smooth backside. I think a nice strawberry color would compliment her look nicely. Tasia's soft, springy butt bounces under my hand with each swat. She squeaks and whimpers but keeps her heels firmly planted and holds position. When I wrap my arm around her neck, she nuzzles against me and sighs, enjoying the rising heat radiating inward from her rump. Peeling down her panties, I'm briefly transfixed as always by the sheer perfection of Tasia's parts. Shaved and shining, she has the most perfectly symmetrical slit I've ever seen, puffy lips the same shade of pink as the spanked flesh surrounding them. I make her hold her burning cheeks open to wink at me with a hole so small and round and tight, you'd think nothing had ever been up there. You'd be wrong about that.

Sprawled over my lap, Tasia extends her arms, hands pressed together, so I can lay on the final swats full force. I do believe I hear her say, "Oww," under her breath, but she doesn't budge until I lift her up to see her biting her lip. Giving her nipples a good yank, I demand to know how a girl wearing kitty ears can be so tough. Her happy, little scream drops to a moan with the intrusion of my finger into her tight, little hot-box. Nice and juicy in there. I let her taste it on my fingers, her pointed little tongue swirling around to suggest other pleasures. Why not.

Weighing all of a hundred pounds soaking wet (inside or out), Tasia rides aloft in the suspension cuffs easily, pointing her pretty feet and gripping the steel bar as she rises, bringing her luscious cunt to perfect lapping height. Her delicate lips part to reveal the hard bud within. It won't take much to get her close, which is just where I want her, at the edge.

Lowered by the shoulders so her face is right in front of my zipper, I'm briefly tempted to rid her of those silly ear bows. Nope. She can just wear them through the whole process. If we're going for cosplay cute, let's go there. My willingness to do such things is part of what brings her back to my door like a kitten expecting her bowl of milk. I let her start the milking process with her mouth on my cock. I do love a good upside down BJ. The view is so pleasing, and a slight tug on the hair produces a pleasant swinging that glides my member to the back of her throat with every forward rock. Showing off, Tasia



swirls her blond head around, doing some tricks with her tongue at the same time. I'm sure she could swallow while inverted without spilling a drop, but I'm just getting started. Kicking back on the bondage bed, I let her dangle over me as I plan my moves.

My nimble acrobat is just as adept sitting up on the bar with her legs in a full split, still sucking noisily away despite what I know is a pelvis-splitting stretch.

Surely she's earned a reward, and Tasia particularly enjoys taking her rewards on her back. Spread open by the rigid bar and slick from my earlier attentions, she couldn't do much to avoid being penetrated even if she wanted to, which is hardly the case. Hips squirming, she takes me in slow and deep until the head of my cock nuzzles her cervix. Using the steel tube as a fulcrum, she swings back and forth, lifting her ass off the table to impale herself harder. Tasia's a vision in pink from ears to slit to stockings. I admit I like girly girls and she offers herself at her girliest. She actually giggles when I lift her by the hips and start pounding. It's her favorite amusement park ride. The giggles don't last long, soon supplanted by gasps and groans. The chains rattle with the tense motions of her splayed, striped legs. Tasia breathlessly begs permission and I happily grant it. I want her to come good and hard the first time so she'll be nice and floppy for the next. I only give her half a minute to recover before applying the vibrator. Tasia's back arches and she starts to pull away, then determinedly jams herself back down on the big buzzer. She correctly takes a sharp jerk on her nipple ring as a sig-







nal to open wide. Eyes clamped in sublime bliss, she sucks languidly, gulping gullets full of man meat hungrily, but she keeps her hands behind her head like a good slave, mindful of that thick collar around her slender neck.

It's all too easy. Tasia's wide-eyed manga-girl pose invites something harsher and more invasive. Out come the black ropes. At my command, Tasia rolls over and lifts her hard handful of an ass to the perfect height. Quick coils of black cord around wrists, arms, thighs and waist make sure she'll stay just where I want her. Her eyes widen even further at the sight of the big steel hook. Oh dear, am I really going to put that in her tiny, puckered tailpipe? Absolutely. Tasia holds very still while the cold, greased tubing parts her sphincters slowly, sinking in until the crook rests against the base of her spine. She makes a happy gurgling sound and her eyes roll back. Who would guess such an innocent-seeming doll would be a rabid anal fuck-toy? Tasia's ass, if treated respectfully, surrenders itself with delight.

Of course, once the hook is cranked up a bit, compelling her to stay absolutely still, its pacifying effect is offset to say the least by the application of the slender, flexible rattan cane to her butt and thighs. Now she can't help but move around as much as her restraints will allow, agitating the steel shaft in her rectum with each twitch and jerk. The pink blush still lingering from the spanking is soon streaked with crimson stripes from the stick. Tasia's panting now, crying out as the cane cuts deeper in her ass-flesh. Every few strokes, I make her jump against the ropes with a direct hit to her most tender spot. How can I be so cruel to such a darling creature? Don't know. It just comes naturally. Tasia, on the other hand, comes with the sudden reapplication of the buzzer. Given no



warning and pushed to the brink already by every kind of stimulation, she has no time to ask for an orgasm. It just happens in a wave of convulsive shudders, accompanied by a scream you wouldn't think could come from such a small set of lungs.

Okay, time for Tasia to demonstrate her gratitude for my appreciation of her delectableness. Dropping my hard rod into her mouth, I go on caning her bottom, but Tasia concentrates on her slave duties, keeping her teeth away from my flesh and moving her head in lazy circles as if unaware of the searing slashes across her behind. I've never been sucked by a girl wearing pink fur ears before, but somehow they seem weirdly appropriate on my slightly otherworldly plaything. Pulling away for an instant, she asks permission to finish me on her knees.

Who could say no to such an earnest plea? Looking up with big, begging eyes, she mouths me with all her art, making just enough noise, spilling just enough saliva from the corners of her glossed lips, pushing me in just far enough to make her choke so her back arches prettily. It's a compelling spectacle and I can only hold out to admire it for so long. Sucking and swallowing frantically, Tasia manages to take my entire load in her craw, only a tiny rivulet of sticky spooge oozing out and dribbling down her chin. We let the moment last.

Gentleman that I am, I invite Tasia to spend the night, but she's got another party to go to.

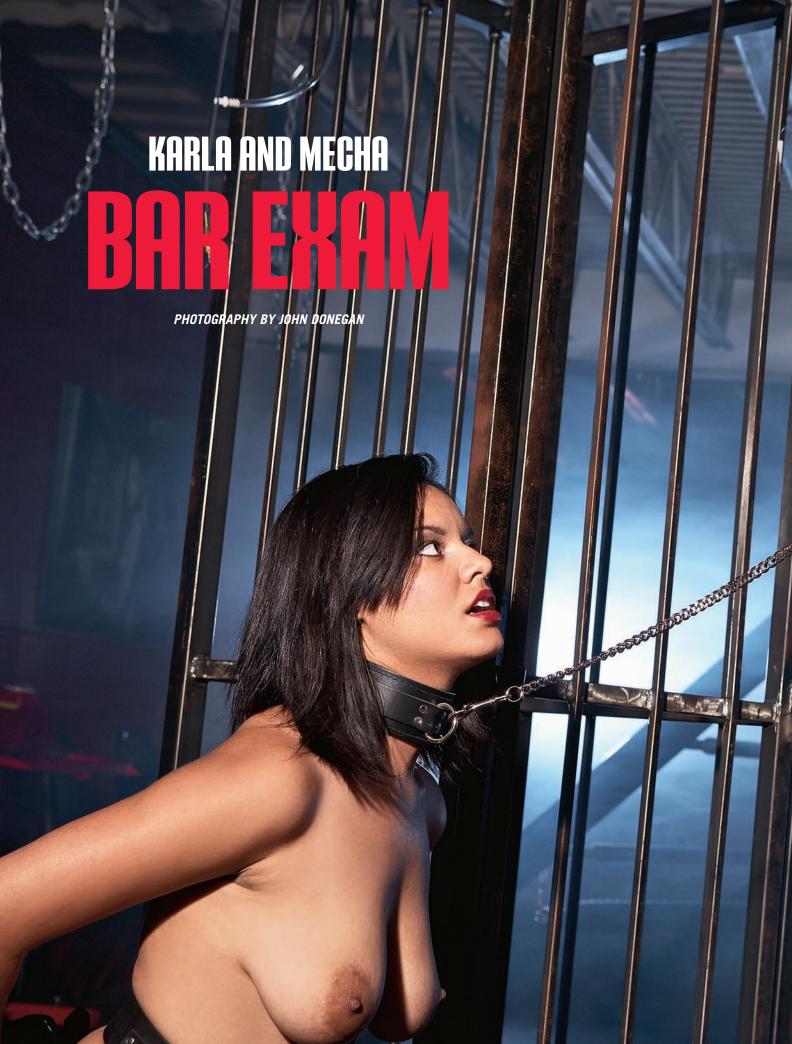
"First I have to fix my ears," she says, straightening her headgear, slightly askew from her labors.

"How do I look?" Tasia asks after fixing her makeup.

"Kawaii," I reply. "Very kawaii."



































love it when Master reminds me that there's no part of me he doesn't own. His hand on my throat, his ropes on my limbs, his spit in my mouth, the ink that covers my skin are reminders of what I am—his property. I love gulping his piss. Feeling it flow hot over my face makes my nipples as hard as my submission makes him. When he takes me in the bathroom, I know what to expect. My asshole opens easily to the fat tip of the nozzle. The milk enema is cold and my ass-guts contract with stabbing cramps. The pain he gives me is a gift, just like the relief of permission to expel. I have no privacy and must look him in the eye while I spew.

Bound back on my knees, where I belong, I worship his cock to the back of my throat, gagging and drooling, beyond shame. His fingers stretch my rectum so expertly I gape with ease so he can fuck my smallest orifice effortlessly. I always orgasm when he does me up the butt, no matter how tightly I'm tied or how much he makes me cry. And there is nothing like the feeling of total servitude I experience sucking him still slimy from my anus until he floods my face with hot spurts of his cum. I'm a very dirty girl, but I'm his dirty girl and I wouldn't want to be anything else in this world.











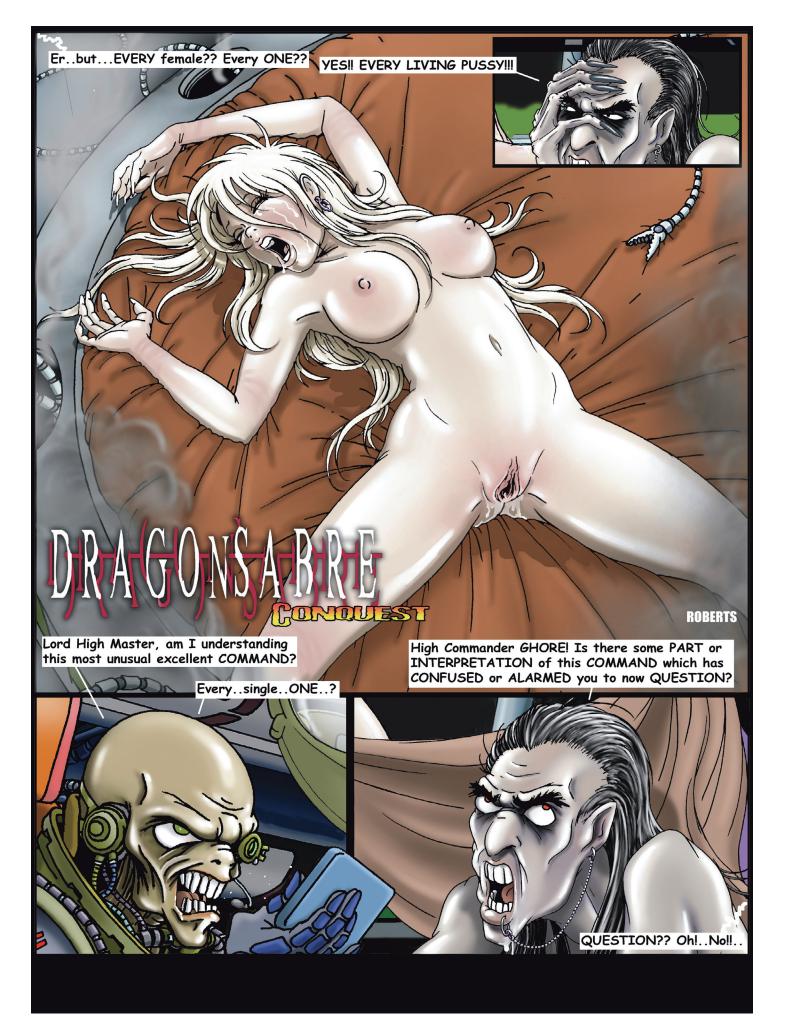






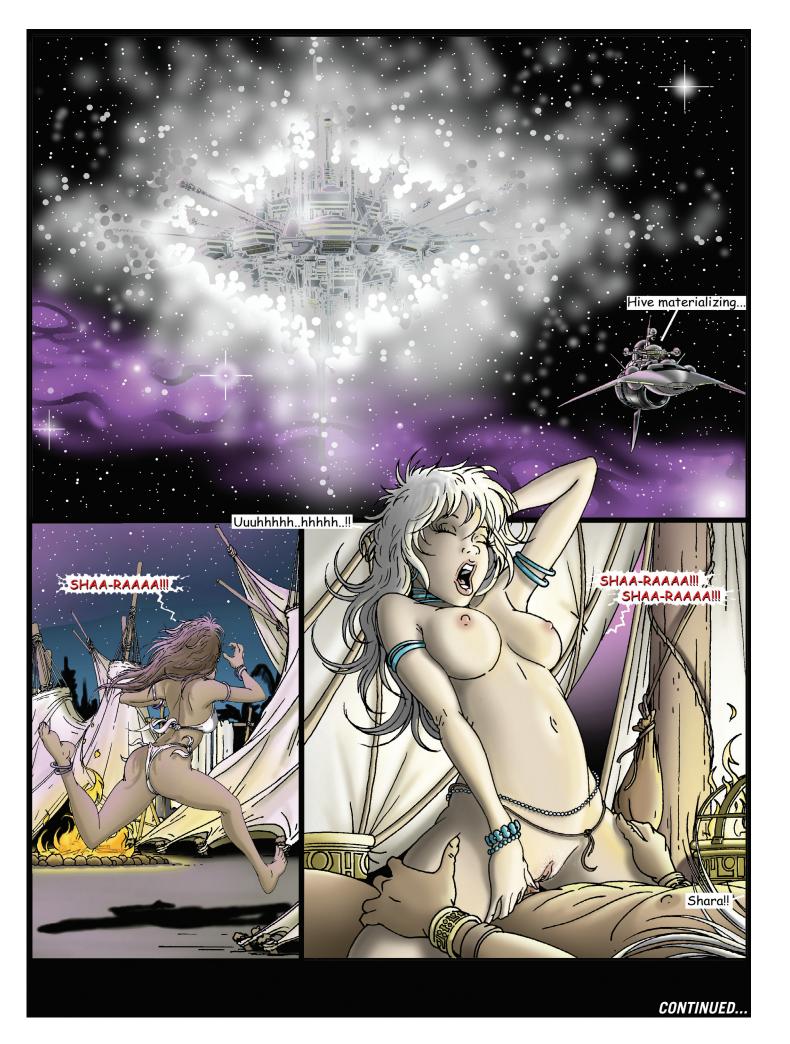














# COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER'S TABOO

Ash just isn't cut out for domestic labor, especially when required to wear a clinging, slutty latex maid's uniform all day with nothing underneath. She's barely doing an acceptable job with the feather duster clenched between her teeth when her owner casually bends her over for some dildo-dorking. Perhaps some time bound in the bathroom, a hard probe up her anus, will focus her attentions.

In the dark cellar of a decaying mansion, Yasmin's breaking to slavery continues. Kept naked, shackled to the X-frame for regular flogging, paddling and vibe-induced orgasms, made to piss in a bowl on command, she's only too eager to suck cock when required. Yasmin is a quick learner.

Aiden knows when Ariel needs attention. Tight bondage, a fat anal rod, biting pussy clamps, the spiky pinwheel on Ariel's luscious tits, a spell sealed in the vac bed, and a high-volume enema are guaranteed to improve the quality of her service.

Join these lovelies in our next issue, along with a double dose of sinful suggestions from Columnists Nina Hartley and Tristan Taormino, a peek into a treasure trove of super-hard BDSM art, more Fetish Focus and Urination Nation—all you need to kick your fall season off right.

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER ISSUE ON SALE AUGUST 7, 2012







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